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Roy Rogers

Abstract

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ROY ROGERS

AND THE ROARING RIVER

STEADY THERE, BOY! I KNOW IT BURNS-- BUT I'LL HAVE IT OUT IN A MINUTE.



HO, HO, HO, HO!

THERE IT IS-- JUST A LITTLE STONE FROM UNDER YOUR SHOE? WE'LL TAKE IT EASY BETWEEN HERE AND THE TOMAHAWK RANCH--



SOUNDS LIKE A RUNNING SUNFIGHT, OR--



POP-POP-
SAM- SAM-
SAM-
POP-



W BANG!
W POPPETT-POP-
POP--BANG!

A ROLLING WRECK? AND ON THIS ROAD, IT COULD ONLY BELONG TO--



--MULEFACE MAGGIE O'TOOLE? I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WAS YOU?



ROY ROGERS, YE FIDDLE-FOOTED SALOOT? WHAT BRINGS YE HERE ON TOP OF ALL ME TROUBLE?

TROUBLE, MAGGIE? TELL ME ABOUT 'EM.



SURE, THERE'S NOBODY I'D RATHER CONFIDE IN, ROY? SIT HERE BESIDE ME, AND LET YER HOSS FOLLOW IF HE WILL.

WHAT ARE YOU TRUCKING AWAY FOR?
YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF GOOD
RANGE ON THE TOMORROW.

NOT SINCE "JENU" JACKSON
GOT ME WIRE AND RUN HIS
THOUSANDS OF COW--
BAY CATTLE IN!

JENU WAS ALWAYS TOO
BIG FOR HIS PANTS--
AND NOW HE'S BROUGHT
ALL THE COWS AND
LEAVED ALL THE LAND
HEREABOUTS EXCEPT
WIRE! AND WHEN I
WOULDN'T KNUCKLE
UNDER...



HE TURNED HIS CRITTERS IN AND
DRUNK UP ME BEST WATER HOLE-- THE
SPALPENT AND IT'S A DROUGHT SEASON.
TOO...

"HEY! GRAB THAT WHEEL!"



EE-YYO? WE'RE
GOIN' OVER--

NOT QUITE... BUT IF YOU'RE
GOING TO TALK, I'LL DRIVE!



LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S
MIGHTY ANXIOUS TO TALK WITH
YOU, MAGGIE... WHO ARE THEY?

TWO BUCKEN BROTHERS--
HIRED TO DO JENU
JACKSON'S DIRTY JOB--
SAY 'CESS TO 'EM!







MAGGIE'S GOOD AT DRESSING WOUNDS...
GOOD AT MAKING THEM TOO. GOSHAWK!
HER IRISH TEMPER!



HE'S NOT THE GUKEN TYPE, MAGGIE... I
RECKON YOU'VE MADE A BAD MISTAKE.



I WISH I KNEW WHO HE
IS... IT'S EASIER TO
APOLOGIZE WHEN YE
KNOW A MAN'S NAME.

MULDRAP MAGGIE,
DON'T IT? I'M
GREGG JACKSON...
CAME ALONG TO
SEE THAT THE
GUKENS DIDN'T
GO TOO FAR...

WHIA-A-ATP! DON'T YE
BE TELLIN' ME YE'RE
JENU JACKSON'S BOY!



RIGHT, MRS. O'TOOLE? I GUESS I GOT HERE
TOO LATE TO DO ANY GOOD, AND JUST IN TIME TO
CATCH A BULLET!
NOW, IF YOU'LL
PUT ME ON MY
HORSE...

NOT ON YOUR LIFE,
YOUNG MAN!



IN THE FIRST PLACE, YE'RE
NOT ABLE TO RIDE--- AND IN
THE SECOND, YE'LL MAKE A
FINE HOSTAGE FOR JENU'S
GOOD BEHAVIOR.



HE'S
PASSED OUT
FOR A MINUTE...
MAGGIE...
GO EASY
OVER THOSE
BUMPS?



SURE, BOY--- I FORGOT
FOR A MINUTE...
I'M THINKIN' THE
POOR OLD TOMAHAWK
RANGH IS IN
WORSE TROUBLE NOW
THAN BEFORE.

THE GUKENS WILL
TELL JENU JACKSON
THAT WE'VE SHOT
DOWN HIS BOY---
AND THE OLD
DEVIL WILL TEAR
ME HOUSE DOWN
TO GET HIS HANDS
ON ALL OF US!
HOSTAGE OR NO
HOSTAGE?



WHO'S ON THE RANCH WITH YOU, NOW, MAGGIE?

JUST SHEILA, ME, ADOPTED DAUGHTER, AND
OLD STEP-AND-A-HALF CONNELL.



HERE COMES SHEILA NOW --
RIDING IN FROM THE HOME
PASTURE



MORE TROUBLE, MOTHER? JERU JACKSON'S COWS
ARE PILING UP AGAINST OUR WATER HOLE FENCE --
AND IF THEY GET THROUGH...



-- THEN WE'LL
SHOOT 'EM!

I MIGHT AS WELL BE SKINNED FOR A
WOLF AS FOR A COYOTE! HERE'S JERU
JACKSON'S BOY THAT I SHOT WITHOUT
MEANING TO.



NOY MOTHER? TELL ME HOW
IT HAPPENED -- YOU WERE
WITH MOTHER...?



I PACKED UP
MY RIFLE
TOO LATE,
SHEILA.



I DON'T AIM TO RIDE OUT ON YOU FOLKS WHEN YOU'RE IN A TIGHT SPOT— BUT YOU STAND TO LOSE EVERYTHING— THE WAY YOU'RE HANDLING IT.

I KNOW THAT* BUT MAGGIE WON'T LISTEN—

SPIT IT OUT, ROY— WHAT'S YOUR MOTION?

SET YOUR CATTLE OUT OF HERE, INTO SOME SAFE CANYON. SEND SHEILA WITH GREGG TO A GOOD HIDING PLACE, TO KEEP JEHU WORRIED . .

THEN WE THREE CAN FIGHT UP HERE AND TRY TO BLUFF IT OUT WITH JEHU JACKSON. WE MIGHT WIN, AT THAT.



ROY ROGERS, YOU'VE GOT A HEAD WORTH TEN OF MINE— AND I'M OFF HOW TO GET SHEILA STARTED WITH THE BOY IN A SPRING - WAGON, ON A MATRESS.

GOOD?



CLIMB ON YOUR HORSE, STEP— WE'LL GET MAGGIE'S DEEP MOVING, TOO.

EVERYTHING'S MOVING NOW— IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. WANDOO!



DO YOU KNOW A GOOD PLACE TO PUT THESE COWS, STEP?

YEAH— LITTLE BOX CANYON, TWO MILES FROM HERE. IT'S ALL ROCKS AND NO GRASS, BUT SAFE.



GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR TE, SHEILA DARLIN'...

MOTHER* SHHHHH* HE'S ASLEEP.



WE TALKED A LITTLE AS I WAS OWING HIS SHOULDER. ERRO JACKSON COEDN'T LIKE HIS FATHER'S HIGH-HANDED WAYS?

BUT HE LIKES YOU, SHEILA. CARLIN' I SURE, I CAN SEE IT IN YER EYES!



YE'RE TAKIN' YOUR PATIENT AWAY FROM HERE, NOW-- IN THE SPRING-WAGON. ...I'LL GO HARNESSE UP.

BUT MOTHER WE MUSTN'T MOVE GREGG--



THERE'LL BE A WAR ON THIS WAGON WHEN JERU GETS HERE-- AND NO PLACE FOR A SICK MAN. ...YE'LL TAKE HIM TO THE OLD CASH IN DEAD HORSE GULCH.



HAVE YE GOT THE CATTLE READY TO GO, ROY?

YES, MAGGIE. STEP IS HOLDING 'EM.



ISN'T ANYBODY COMING WITH ME, MOTHER? I CAN'T GET GREGG INTO THE CABIN ALONE.

I WILL JOIN YE LATER, WHEN THE COWS ARE SAFE. ...GET ALONG WID YE?



WE'LL DRIVE THE HERD OVER THE WAGON TRACKS-- SO JERU CAN'T TRAIL SHEILA AND GREGG.

REGORRA! YE THINK OF EVERYTHIN', ROY.



LEAVIN' ME HOUSE AND HOIN' ME CATTLE IS STILL
TOO MUCH LIKE RUNNIN' AWAY TO BLAT ME, ROY.



YIP! YI-YIP GET ALONG, THERE?



A MILE
FROM THE
TOMAHAWK.
MAGGIE'S COWS
ENTER THE ROUGHS

...AND CROWD INTO A TINY BOX
CANYON, JUST AT DUSK.



MOOO—UHF
BAWNNNN!

THAT'LL HOLD 'EM, ROY. . . THERE'S NO MORE TIME
TO LOSE.



RIGHT?

YOU MAKE TRACKS FOR THAT GABIN
AND HELP SHEILA WITH YOUNG JACKSON.
STEP AND I WILL HIGH-TAIL IT FOR
THE RANCH.



OKAY—BUT DON'T
YEE BE STOPPIN' ANY
BULLETS JUST TO SAVE
ME WATER HOLE.

I'LL BE SEEN' YEE
LATER, BOYS?



I'M A STUBBORN FOOL,
I GUESS—RISKING THE
LIVES OF TWO GOOD
FRIENDS TO SAVE ME
LITTLE OLD TWO-BIT
RANCH. WHEN JERU
JACKSON WILL GET IT
ANYWAY—THE
BUZZARD!





THEY'VE GONE INSIDE--LOOKING FOR GREGG--OR
MAGGIE.



MAGGIE'S ROOM? THEY'RE
GOING --



I'LL SEARCH THIS ROOM--YOU BOYS TAKE
THE OTHERS.

OKAY, JENK.



THAT MULEFACED FEMALE COULD'VE
HID GREGG ANYWHERE IN THIS SHACK-
TOWN SHE CALLS A RANCH HOUSE.



... ANYTHING COULD BE HID
IN THIS MESS OF CLOSETS
AND JUNK?



(GROAN)
TAKE IT EASY,
AND YOU WON'T
GET HURT, JACKSON



AND JUST TO MAKE SURE
YOU WON'T MAKE A MISTAKE...







WHAT'S THAT ABOUT DRESS?
WHERE'S MY BOY? BLAST
YOUR HIDE,
IF YOU'VE
KILLED
HIM—



GREGG'S NOT BADLY HURT, JACKSON. MAGGIE
O'DOOLE JUST TOOK HIM FOR A HOSTAGE—AND
NOW SHE'LL HAVE YOU, TOO?

HOSTAGE? DAD-BURN IT— SHE'LL
FIND SHE'S BIT OFF MORE'N SHE
CAN CHAW. AND YOU, TOO,
COWBOY?



SHEILAT WHERE ARE
YE, CHILD? AND WHERE'S
YOUNG JACKSON--?



SHHH,
MOTHER?
HE'S ASLEEP—
HERE?



YOU MEAN HE WERE BOTH SLEEPING—
AND ME WITH A LAKE HORSE A WARRIN'
FOR FEAR YE WAS LONESOME WAITIN' FOR
ME? WHAT DOES ON HERE, ANYWAY?

H-NOTHING,
MOTHER?
DRESS AND
I TALKED
AWHILE...



... AND THEN, HE
WOULDN'T GO TO
SLEEP UNLESS HE
COULD HOLD MY
HAND? SO—

--SO EVERYTHIN'S LOVELY,
EXCEPT THAT HE'S JENU
JACKSON'S SON, AND A WOLF
OF THE SAME BREED, BEGGAR?



I'LL NOT BE LEAVIN' THE TWO OF
YEE UNCHAPERONED IN THIS CARN--
YE CAN BET ON THAT?

WHAT ANYBODY WANTS TO LOOK UP A CABIN FOR, IN THIS FORSAKEN HOLE. YE NEEDN'T ASK ME! BUT GLAD I AM THAT OLD BLIND PETE GAVE ME THE KEY BEFORE HE DIED.



I'LL LEAVE IT IN THE LOCK FROM NOW ON, SO IT WON'T GET LOST.

IT'S MUSTY IN HERE, MOTHER... WE'D BETTER AIR THE PLACE OUT BEFORE WE BRING GREGG IN...



PHRENT MUSTY BLANKETS--RUSTY STOVE--AND DIRT EVERYWHERE! I'LL NEED A CLEANING BEFORE TO BRING A CAT INSIDE.



IT'S MADE TO ORDER--BENNY?--IF I CAN GET TO THAT DOOR IN TIME...



GET THAT PECK-HOLE OF A WINDOW OPEN, SHEILA... I'LL DUMP THESE OLD BLANKETS OUTSIDE.



--JUST IN TIME.

HEY? WHO DID THAT--?



LOCKED IN, SECORRA! OPEN THAT PADLOCK, GREGG JACKSON, OR I'LL SOON YOU ALIVE!

--BUT GREGG COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, MOTHER...









HERE HE IS, MARRIE!

LISTEN TO ME, MULEFACE MARRIE O'TOOLE! YOU ORDER YOUR CUSSED OUTLAWS TO TURN ME LOOSE, OR—



ORY UP, YE OLD PHASE! I'M KEEPIN' YE HARMLESS TILL YE'VE PAID CASH FOR RUININ' ME CATTLE RANGE— AND GIVEN BOND NOT TO REPEAT IT!

CASH! I OFFERED YOU CASH ONCE, YOU ADOLE- BRAINED LOON!



THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW, YOU TWO! I WANT TO KNOW IF SHEILA'S DEAD— AND GREGG, TOO. THAT BOY'S WOUND COULD BE DANGEROUS.

WOUND? SO YOU DID WOUND HIM, EH?



WHAT'S THE STORY, MARRIE? SPILL IT!

HE LOOKED US IN— AND ROSE OFF SAYIN' HE'D BRING A LOST RIVER DOWN FROM THE HILLS TO END THE FIGHT 'TWIXT ME AND JENK.



HE WAS OUT OF HIS HEAD WITH WOUND FEVER— SO SHEILA SQUEEZED OUT THE WINDY AND WENT AFTER HIM, IN THE DARK.



THERE IS A LOST RIVER UP IN THE HILLS, MARRIE. IF GREGG HEADED THAT WAY, I'LL FIND HIM— AND SHEILA.

HEAVEN BLESS 'EM, BOY! WE'LL WAIT HERE...



WE CAN'T TRACK HORSES IN THE DARK, TRIGGER— SO WE'LL JUST PICK THE BEST GORGE... EASY, BOY!

BY DAWN

THERE'S LOST RIVER... IT FLOWS A FEW MILES AND
SINKS INTO ITS OWN BED.



... AND IT LOOKS LIKE THOSE TWO
KIDS ARE LOST, TOO, TRIGGER...
MAYBE WE CAN PICK UP THEIR
TRACKS BY DAYLIGHT.



HOLD ON--LOOKS LIKE A
COUPLE OF HORSES WAY DOWN
BELOW...



WE'LL FOLLOW
DOWN THE LIKELIEST
DRAWS AND KEEP
OUR EYES PEELLED.



IT'S SHEILA--
BUT NO SIGN
OF GREGG
JACKSON,
EXCEPT HIS
HORSE?







RUN, DOGGONE IT--
THIS WHOLE CAVERN
IS GOING TO BOOM!

YOU CAN'T
RUN, MAN...





MOMENTS LATER, FROM THE TUNNEL'S MOUTH -- A NEW-BORN TORRENT!



A NEW RIVER -- RUSHING DOWN TO THE TOMAHAWK!



GREGG, TELL ME NOW! WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT DID YOU DO?

PLUNGED THE CHANNEL OF LOST RIVER WITH A DYNAMITE BLAST! IT WAS GAD'S IDEA -- TO DO IT AFTER HE'D GOT CONTROL OF ALL THE RANCH LAND BELOW.



GAD HAD THAT TUNNEL DUG -- HE EVER BROUGHT IN THE DYNAMITE FOR THE LAST BIG SHOT... TROUBLE WAS, I COULDN'T FIND ENOUGH FUSE! LIKE A FOOL, I LIT IT ANYWAY.



THE BLAST WOULD HAVE CAUGHT ME, NEAR AS I WAS, EXCEPT FOR YOU, FOT.

I RECKON IT WOULD.

BUT GREGG, WHY -- WHY DID YOU DO IT AT ALL?

WHY, HONEY? BECAUSE IF MY DAD SQUEEZED YOU AND MULEFACE MAGGIE OUT OF TOMAHAWK VALLEY, AND THEN BROUGHT WATER IN, YOU'D HATE ME, TOO... I'D TAKE ANY RISK TO PREVENT THAT.

"SO WOULD'S, DREDD"



SO FAR SO GOOD? BUT THERE'S STILL A WAR ON BETWEEN JEHU AND MAGGIE. REMEMBER? LET'S RIDE?



IT'S NOT A LOST RIVER ANY MORE? WHAT WILL WE CALL IT NOW, ROTT?

"BOARING RIVER WOULD FIT... LISTEN TO IT"



LOOK? IT'S POURING DOWN INTO DEAD HORSE GULCH.

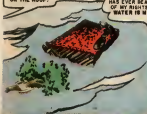
"IT'LL GROWN OUT THE CABIN, TOO?"



THERE'S MOTHER --- AND JEHU --- ON THE ROOF?

"NO MULEFACED FREAK HAS EVER BEAT ME OUT OF MY RIGHT? THIS WATER IS MINE?"

AND THIS LAND IS MINE, YE SOWLEGGED RASCAL? I'LL DAM UP THE WATER AND GIVE YE WHAT I PLEASE OF IT --- FOR A PRIEST





ROY ROGERS

Silver Spider

ROY ROGERS--
YOU OLD
TUMBLEWEED!
LIGHT AND
REST A BIT!

HOW ARE
YOU, DAN?

THUNDER REMINDERS ME,
YOU, BOY... I'VE GOT SOME
SUGAR FOR HIM--- AND A
COLD DRINK FOR YOU.

GREAT! I HAPPENED
TO BE RIDING THROUGH
AND THOUGHT I'D BETTER
STOP BY AND SAY
HOWDY.

HOW IS TRADING
THIS SUMMER,
DAN?

FEELS ARE DOING
FAIR... BUT IT'S
THE SILVER
SPIDER WHO
IS REALLY MAKING THE
MONEY FOR ME...
HERE, HAVE A
COLD DRINK OF
GINGER ALE.

THE SILVER SPIDER?
WHO'S HE--ONE OF
YOUR INDIANS?

NO-O... HE'S SPANISH-- LOOKS
LIKE AN OLD TIME GRANGER--
AND CALLS HIMSELF DON
FERNANDO ARANA... SHOWS
UP EVERY FEW WEEKS WITH
SILVER JEWELRY THAT'S
OUT OF THIS WORLD!

WELL HE COMES NOW,
BOY, BEING THAT
LITTLE OLD MULE.



BUSINESS
TRAVELER,
SENORES!



BOY, MEET DON FERNANDO--
SOMETIMES CALLED THE
SILVER SPIDER, FROM
THAT ONE HE WEARS
ON HIS CLOAK.

SERVICED BY
LISTED, SENOR!



"ARARA" BECOMES SPIDER
SEN SPANISH... A SPIDER
IS AN ARTIST SEN NEEDS
WAY, AS I AM SEN
MINE---WA, WA!



PERHAPS AN AMIGO CAN
SELL SOME MORE OF MY
TRINKETS TO THE
TOURISTS, NO?

YOU BET!
THE TOURISTS
BOUGHT ALL
YOUR LAST
BATCH.

WHEE-OW!



YOU NAME THE PRICE,
DON FERNANDO... I'LL
PAY IT, AND MAKE
MONEY.... OR YOU
CAN TAKE IT OUT
IN TRADE.

'SET WE'LL BE ONE
THOUSAND DOLLARS,
AMIGO.... BUT I
CAN WAIT.



...SEAT HUNDRED--
NINE HUNDRED--
ONE THOUSAND!
THERE, DON
FERNANDO...

WHEEL UP, DAD!
WE'VE GOT
COMPANY!



WIL GRACIAS, AMIGO!
NEVER HAVE I SEEN
SUCH FINE SHOOTING!

DE NADA, DON FERNANDO ...
BUT IT ISN'T SAFE TO BE
CARRYING SO MUCH
MONEY EVEN HERE AT
THE TRADING POST...

... AND JEWELRY
LIKE THIS IS A
TEMPTATION TO
ANY THIEF, CAN.

YEAH... BECKON
I'VE BEEN CARE-
LESS.... HELP
ME TAKE IT TO
THE SAFE,
BOY.



WHERE DOES THE OLD
DON GET THIS STUFF,
DAD? HE CERTAINLY
DIDN'T MAKE IT ALL
HIMSELF.

THAT'S SOMETHING I'D
LIKE A LOT TO KNOW...
HE JUST POPS OUT OF
THE DESERT, AND
DISAPPEARS AGAIN.

A LOT OF MEN HAVE TRIED TO TRAIL
THE SPIDER-- BUT EITHER THEY LOST
HIS SIGN, OR ELSE THEY NEVER SHOW--
SO UP AGAIN TO TELL
WHAT HAPPENED!

HUH?! I'M
GETTING KIND OF
CURIOUS ABOUT
HIM, CAN.



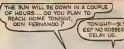
FORGET IT, BOY! CURIOSITY ABOUT
THE SILVER SPIDER COULD BE MOUNTY
UNHEALTHY... HE HATES IT! I'VE
SEEN HIS OLD EYES GUTTER
LIKE A SHARK'S WHEN
SOMEBODY TRIED TO
PUMP HIM....

HAVE A CHAIR,
DON FERNANDO--

AND SOMETHING COLD
BEFORE YOU GO...

GRACIAS,
CASALLERO!







HEY! YOU'RE RIDING STRAIGHT TOWARD THAT RIFLE!

POW! SURPRISED OF COURSE!



WHY NOT WE, DON FERNANDO?





AIMING TO SEE DON FERNANDO FIRST, ROY MOVES AS SILENTLY AS AN INDIAN.



THEY GOT HIM --- HIT HARD BEFORE HE FIRED THOSE LAST TWO SHOTS, I RECKON.



MUMPH! NOTHING WORSE THAN A CUT! LOOKS AS IF A BULLET HAD BLANCED OFF A ROCK AND THROWN SOME STONE CHIPS AT HIM.



FEELING BETTER, DON FERNANDO?



WANDA... MY HEAD! OH-A-A-AH!

THE LADRONES-- DEAD AS NUTTON! DO YOU FEEL ABLE TO TRAVEL, DON FERNANDO?



YOU'LL HAVE TO TIE ME ON MY HAIRE, ANIGO... MY HEAD FEES VERY QUIER.



TRIGGER WILL CARRY US BOTH.... I'LL HOLD YOU IN THE SADDLE.

HEAD FOR THAT MALLOW CUT IN THE NORTH WALL, DON ROY... THE TRAIL LEADS UP.



THIS TRAIL WOULD MAKE
A SNAKE DIZZY TO FOLLOW!
AND THESE
WALLS--

YOU HAVE
SEEN NOTHING
YET, MY FRIEND.

SOON THE TRAIL BECOMES
A MAZE-- A LABYRINTH--
LIKE THE WEB OF THE
SPIDER-- TO CATCH
AND CONFUSE ALL
ENEMIES....

THERE-- YOU SEE,
DON'T YOU?



I AM THE ONLY ONE
WHO KNOWS THE WAY
IN OR OUT OF
THIS MAZE.

YOU MEAN THAT
I AM JUST A FLY
CAUGHT IN YOUR
WEB, SENIOR ARHHA?



HA, HA, HA! YOU HAVE THE
FINE SENSE OF HUMOR, DON'T
YOU? TURN YOUR HORSE
INTO THAT DARK HOLE IN
THE CANYON WALL.



A TUNNEL CUT THROUGH
THE ROCK, HMM? WHO
DID THE WORK?

MY ANCESTORS--
THREE HUNDRED
YEARS AGO!



HMM? THAT?

CLUNK

WOW-- WHAT MOVED THIS
BLOCK TO CLOSE THE
TUNNEL? WHAT'S
THE IDEA?

AT YOUR HOME,
DON ROY, DO YOU
NOT CLOSE THE
DOORS BEHIND
YOU?



DO YOU THINK YOU'VE
MADE ME A PRISONER--
OR SOMETHING
LIKE THAT?

PRISONER? NO--
THE WORDS ARE
TOO CRUDE, MY
FRIEND... LET US
SAY YOU ARE MY
GUEST!



-- AND THESE, MY PEOPLE,
ARE YOUR SERVANTS, DON
ROY-- SO LONG AS
YOU RESPECT MY
HOSPITALITY!

OHAY... IT'S
YOUR NEXT
MOVE, SENOR
ABANA.

JUANITO! YEH AGA!
JUANITO!



AGUA, ESTOY
HAMBRO / A
SUS ORDENES...

"TAKE DON ROY TO THE
CASA... PREPARE HIM A
BATH, FRESH CLOTHING--
ALL THAT HE NEEDS...
AND HELP ME DOWN
FROM THIS HORSE."

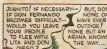


I'M STILL CURIOUS, DON
FERNANDO-- SO I'LL
PLAY ALONG WITH YOU
UNTIL I KNOW WHY
YOU BROUGHT
ME HERE.

'STA BIEN! I
WILL SEE YOU
AGAIN AT
DINNER--
MY SON!









YOU ARE COVERED BY
BOYS AND ARROWS, GRABED!
DROP YOUR GUNS, AND YOU
MAY LIVE--BUT NOT LEAVE
CASA ARAGA.



WORMS BEFOR
SPIDER? I'M
LEAVING YOUR
FLY-BEAP
NOW--

BECAUSE YOU KNOW THAT THE
FIRST ARROW THAT POKES MY
HIDE WILL LET THEM GUN-
JAWBAGS FALL, AND BLOW
DRYLIGHT THROUGH YOU!
LITA, JUANITO AND DON
DIEGO ARE LEAVING
WITH ME!



GARAHEN! YOU TWO, DON
DIEGO--YOU OBEY ME? YOU
VIOLATE THE HONOR
OF MY HOUSE?



SLAVES! I'LL HAVE
YOU PLAYED! I'LL--
--AAAAH-N-N!



OH, ABUELO--!

PATRON!



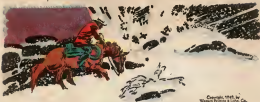
IT'S DONE, MACHUCHES! HIS ARMY
HAS NOT STRONG. --- SO NOW THE
CASA ARAGA BELONGS TO YOU, LITA
AND DON DIEGO AND JUANITO, AND--
NOW THAT YOU ARE FREE, I'LL
BE SAYING ADIOS!



BUT I'LL COME BACK SOME
DAY SOON--SO IT'S HASTA
LUEGO, AMIGOS!



PIONEERS OF THE OLD WEST



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"Well, kid, if you think you can do it, go ahead and try. But carrying mail from Ragged Edge to the railroad in winter is hard work, and dangerous. Better get a good, young horse to start with."

John Worth looked up at the hulking boss of the gold camp and smiled.

"Thanks, Mr. Burns," he replied, "but I'll make out all right with my old pony, Baldy. He and I understand each other. And he can smell a trail through two feet of snow. Don't worry—I'll get the mail through, on time!"

It was a big promise. Big enough to cost a man's life, not to mention a boy's! Prairie-bred, John knew the odds, and very carefully, he set out to make them better.

For a week before his job started, he scouted the high ridges that the mail would have to cross. He picked out landmarks—a lone tree here, a rocky skyline there. At the top of the pass he found an old, abandoned cabin.

"Might have to use it if a blizzard catches me," he told himself. "And I'd better pack my snowshoes, just in case."

Snow was falling, the first day John-

ny carried the mail. He found that by following the wind-swept ridges he could ride Baldy the whole way. But the next day he had to change his route: deep drifts blocked the old one.

One morning, as Burns, the camp boss, handed him the outgoing mail, he added a warning.

"Did you notice those black clouds coming up over the ridge, kid?" he asked. "They mean a blizzard. Take this mailbag home and wait till it's over before you ride."

Johnny Worth shook his head.

"Baldy and I haven't missed a trip yet, and we won't miss this one, sir," he declared. "It'll be Baldy's last trip, though. He's had hard going and he needs a rest. I'll leave him safe at my dad's camp, over the mountains."

When they reached the ridge, Baldy snorted nervously. Snow was falling thick and fast, driven by a wind that almost took a rider's breath away. After a few steps the old pony stopped and looked around at his master.

"Better go back, Johnny," he signaled as plainly as a horse can.

But Johnny Worth urged him on.

"We'll make it all right, Baldy," he

argued cloud. "If we go back to Ragged Edge Camp now, you'll spend the winter there. And there's nothing for you to eat in that gulch. You'd die, sure. Let's go!"

Baldy forged ahead, but there was no chance to hurry. The knee-deep snow hindered every step. The roaring, savage wind almost pushed them back. When they turned, it tore at them like a wild beast. The blinding, whirling flakes blanked out everything a few yards away. Only between gusts could Johnny glimpse a familiar ridge or draw.

Baldy's trail instinct was their only real guide. But cleverness and courage could not make up for failing strength. Wallowing through the drifts between the ridges was killing work. At last Baldy stopped.

Beneath him, John Worth could feel the pony's chest heave and tremble. Brave, clever, loyal old Baldy was through. He stood with legs spread, head hanging low, steam puffing from his red-rimmed nostrils. His eyes were closed. In another hour or two he would freeze in his tracks.

Strangely, Johnny Worth was not frightened for himself. All he could think of at the moment was that he had brought his old friend out here to die. And just because of his own foolishness!

With a choking sob, the boy slid out of his saddle and put both arms around the horse's head.

"I won't let you freeze, Baldy," he cried. "There's that old cabin somewhere near by. I'll find it—and take you there."

Baldy rubbed his head gently against Johnny's chest, and then drooped it again, breathing heavily. Johnny Worth glanced about. For a moment a break in the white curtain of snow gave him a glimpse of a familiar ridge. He started off.

In twenty steps, Baldy was lost to sight. His anxious whinny barely reached the boy, above the howling wind.

"I'll be back, Baldy!" he called—



and floundered on.

Half an hour later (it seemed like many hours), Johnny stopped, exhausted, peering downhill. He waited for another break in the swirling veil of snow. It came—and there, within pistol-shot, stood the snow-covered cabin.

Finding Baldy again was equally hard—but Johnny did it. And somehow he found a trail, around perilous, snow-hidden slides and ledges, where the half-frozen horse could follow. At the cabin door, he took Baldy's saddle off.

"You'll have to scooch down to get through this door," Johnny told his four-footed friend.

Baldy nickered his understanding. With a squeeze and a scramble, he was inside. He could rest!

But Johnny's work had not ended. Out he must go again, to break off branches from a dead tree, for a fire. With the fire blazing and filling the tiny shack with life-giving heat, he must leave it—to plug up the chinks in the logs with snow, and keep the heat in. And then he must bring more firewood!

Next day the storm let up, and Johnny Worth reached his father's house. His weariness was soon forgotten. But never, would Johnny Worth forget how he and old Baldy fought and conquered the blizzard.



TRIGGER



*TRIGGER WAS RACING AROUND OUTSIDE--AND WHOA,
ONE OF HIS COLTS WAS SCREAMING BLUE-MURDER.*





"I CALLED TRIGGER BACK TO ME,
AND CLIMBED ON, BARBACK ...



"I AIMED TO SEE WHICH FORK
OF THE ROAD LORCH HAD
TAKEN, SO I COULD TELL
THE SHERIFF ...

"BUT I FOUND THE STATION
WAGON, OUTHOUSE AND EMPTY.
LORCH HAD PROBABLY HIT FOR
THE HIGHWAY,
AFOOT.



"AFTER SOME WORK, I GOT THE CAR BACK ONTO
THE ROAD AND RACED TRIGGER HOME--HE BEAT ME,
TOO.



"I TOLD DAUN I MARTHA I THOUGHT LORCH
WOULDN'T COME BACK--EVEN TO GET HIS
WEEK'S PAY. BUT SHE WASN'T SO SURE."



"SHE SLIPPED A COUPLE OF SHELLS
INTO THE SHOTGUN, AND SAID SHE AIMS
TO SLEEP WITH IT UNDER HER BED.
SHE HAD LORCH FIGURED OUT AS
A REAL HONNOR.



"IT TURNED OUT THAT SHE WAS RIGHT ... THAT NIGHT,
LORCH CLIMBED IN OUR WINDOW.



"I KNEW HIM, IN SPITE OF THE RECKENING OVER HIS FACE, WHEN HE ASKED ME WHERE I KEPT MY MONEY."

IT'S IN HIS PANTS POCKET ON THAT CHAIR! WHERE, DO YOU SUPPOSE A MAN KEEPS HIS MONEY?



"LORCH USED ONE HAND TO GET MY ROLL. THERE WASN'T A CHANCE FOR ME TO REACH UNDER THE BED FOR THE SHOTGUN."

"HE BACKED AWAY TO THE WINDOW, THREATENING TO BLOW US APART IF WE MADE A MOVE TILL HE WAS CLEAN GONE."



"THE MAJORITY THE WINDOW WAS EMPTY, I MOVED... THERE WAS AN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN LORCH'S DIRT PIST THAT I AIMED TO GET BACK."



"I COULDN'T SEE A THING FROM THE WINDOW, EXCEPT THE LADDER LORCH HAD USED."



"... SO I TIPTOED DOWNSTAIRS WITHOUT STOPPING FOR MY PANTS."



"STILL THERE WAS NO SIGN OF WHERE THAT THIEF HAD GONE--SO I RECKONED HE MUST HAVE A CAR OR A HORSE WAITING DOWN THE ROAD--"



"I WAS WRONG! THE SIDEWINDER WASN'T SATISFIED WITH ROBBING ME--HE AIMED TO BURN MY BARN."



"SALED HAY DOESN'T ALWAYS CATCH FIRE RIGHT AWAY! LORCH HAD TO USE A NUMBER OF MATCHES BEFORE IT STARTED..."



"AND THAT GAVE TRIGGER TIME TO CATCH HIS SNELL."



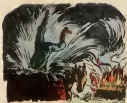
"TRIGGER WENT OVER THE FOUR-WIRE PASTURE FENCE AS EASY AS A BUCK DEER..."



"AND HEADED FOR THE BARN AT A GALLOP."



"LORCH WAS CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED, WITH NO PLACE TO GO..."



"— EXCEPT THE RAIN BARREL, WHERE I'D CAUGHT SOME SOFT WATER FOR MIST MARTHA'S WASHING.



"WHEN I SAW THAT BARREL HEADING FOR THE CREEK WITH TRIGGER AFTER IT, I COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHAT WAS INSIDE.



"THEN, JUST AS IT WENT OVER THE CREEK BANK, LORON YELLED LIKE CRAZY.



"WHEN I PULLED HIM OUT, HE WAS HALF DROWNED."



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